



Embellished with Elegant Copperplate Engravings.

VOL. IX. [v. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. APRIL 20, 1833.

No. 24.

POPULAR TALES.

Prize Tale.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

BOONESBOROUGH.

BY MRS. JULIA L. DUMONT.

'There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?'—*Hemans.*

'My friend Everill must live somewhere nigh here,' exclaimed a gentleman who was traveling through a remote part of Virginia. 'Can you tell me, friend,' he inquired of one just passing, 'if Howard Everill is a resident hereabouts?'

'You have just passed his house, sir.'

'Ah! poor fellow,' sighed the traveler, as his eager eye glanced over the humble dwelling thus designated: 'still, I see, struggling with a niggard destiny.—Well, well—I must give an hour or two to old friendship at all events, though it throw me upon all the contingencies of bad roads and a dark night. Everill is the same in a hovel or a palace.'

It was an early Sabbath evening, and the subject of this conclusion had gathered a young and numerous family around him for devotional exercise. The bustle, consequent upon the labors of the poor was hushed in the holy quietude of the day. Indications of poverty were visible throughout the dwelling, but over all, there was an air of decency, telling of industry and order, though perhaps the quick glance of feeling would have noticed that *her* place, whose hand was once upon all the springs of that humble household, was now vacant. The countenance of the father wore traces of a loneliness in care; and a babe, some three years old, was nestling on his bosom as if it were her wonted place of repose. Around him, however, there were gathered happy and healthful faces, and on these his eye rested with an expression of mingled fondness and delight; yet it was only for a moment—there was *one* among the group who seemed not of them, and as the glance of the father met *his*, it was at once clouded with a deepened and troubled feeling. It was a youth, apparently scarcely eighteen, and whose rich dress, bespeaking high fashion and accustomed elegance, was not more strikingly contrasted with the coarse garb, than was his tall, slight figure, upon which the winds of heaven seemed not to have blown too roughly, with the chubby forms and sturdy aspects around him.

'Verni,' asked the elder Everill at length, in a tone of affectionate seriousness, will you hear the evening exercises of these little ones?

'Excuse me, sir,' and the youth turned away with an ill suppressed yawn, 'my head is aching already.' The father sighed; he bent his head over the bright curls of the nursling in his bosom, and forgetting those who stood waiting silently at his knee, was yielding to a train of busy and anxious thought, when the sound of a carriage at the door, and a moment after, the animated grasp of his earliest and most valued friend, effaced every other recollection.

The destinies of man may not always be measured by the scale of human calculation. Major Worthington and Howard Everill had commenced the career of life with hopes equally sanguine.—Equally well educated—with similar talents, habits and principles, they went forth upon the theatre of action—one to receive the guerdon of acknowledged merit, respect, wealth, a high place in the trust of his countrymen—the other to struggle year after year with penury, to meet the 'proud man's contumely,' the withering pity of the prosperous, and all the heart-burning evils, that can bend the yet unbroken spirit to the dust. Buoyed up, however, by a noble nature, rising above the pressure of circumstance, he had supported all with cheerfulness, and he now met his friend with a brow as open and serene as if they had trod the same path of prosperity. True, there was one moment—the slavery of the world has a strong grasp upon the soul, and he, who stands proudly in his own worth presenting an unblenched front to the shock of fate, writhes beneath the minute evidences of his poverty—there was one brief moment as the glance of his friend denoted a pained observance of the destitution around him, that a deep glow stained his furrowed and sun-browned cheek. But it passed with a breath. 'Tis unworthy of us both,' was the immediate expression of his cleared brow; and shaking from him every vestige of embarrassment, as a steed, the dust from which he has uprisen, he entered at once and with perfect confidence, upon the minute details of his family interests.—But for one absorbing source of anxiety, he had little to regret. Influenced by considerations of paternal duty, from which he rigidly excluded every selfish thought, he had yielded up his first born—then a bright and beautiful cherub, flinging light and gladness upon his own toilsome path, and

leaving a mournful vacancy which long after years still failed to close—to the anxiously proffered adoption of a distant relative, whose wealth and generous nature promised him present privilege and future advancement. The sacrifice had, however, been vain, securing to his child only a few years of boundless indulgence, and of golden dreams that were ultimately and rudely broken.

The death of his patron had suddenly revealed the utter dissipation of the wealth upon which these dreams had been founded, and Verni Everill had just returned to the paternal roof with tastes, habits and feelings, ill-fitting him to share its privations, or participate in its duties. 'For my remaining children,' said the anxious parent, 'I indulge little solicitude. He who has been accustomed only to rugged paths, treads as lightly and as securely as those who traverse the plain; but I feel with bitterness my inability to soften the severity of the lessons this poor boy has yet to learn.' Major Worthington was silent; but his attention was earnestly riveted upon the subject of the little detail. It was a scrutiny of interest, but not altogether of satisfaction.

Verni Everill still retained the singular beauty that had marked his childhood; with a face of the most perfect moulding and mantling, with the rich coloring of youth and health—a form like the floating vision of a dream, and that intangible grace of movement, that gives so undefinable a charm to the slight bendings of the summer reed. But there hung about him an air of indolence—almost palpable as a garment; an apathy that seemed the effect—not of chilled hopes—nor complexional languor, nor of a worn spirit's weariness; but of listless habitudes, early fastening upon his character, and with the stealthy and leaden advances of the incubus, chaining alike the powers of sense and soul. Over his fine features, too, there was an expression of long fostered vanity, and of that perfect self-complaisance so absolutely at variance with the eternal graspings of an elevated mind, or the limitless aspirations of high-toned feeling.—And yet his eye—what but the radiations of intellect, as you watched its occasional movements, gave to its clear hazel depths that changing light, like bright waters flashing up in the sunshine?—That sudden smile too! bursting like a flood of splendor over his whole features, as turning with imperturbable nonchalance from the scrutiny of the stranger, he met and received the fondly extended arms of his infant sister.

'Pshaw!' thought Major Worthington, 'is he not the son of Howard Everill,—and after all must I count the exact result—the precise per centage of any assistance I may render to the child of my destitute friend?' 'If,' he continued, aloud, 'we can think of nothing more promising for this young man, I can give him immediate employment in my office. He has of course received an education that fits him at the least for the duties of an under-writer, and if worthy of his name, I trust it will be in my power to afford him a further and more efficient patronage.'

The father's eye brightened. 'Verni,' he said, 'has been subjected to little probing, since his return—and I own I am somewhat fearful his attainments have fallen far short of my hopes. But under your eye he will have strong inducement for exertion, and most unhesitatingly—most joyfully—do I consign him to your direction.'

Few preliminary arrangements were necessary, and early the following morning, Verni Everill had

received the parting blessing of his father, and was on his way to the residence of his long-tried and still faithful friend. During their journey, Major Worthington strove to elicit something more of the mind and character of his young acquaintance; but his own varied and animated remarks, fraught as they were with the richness of a highly cultivated intellect, called forth little or no response. The subjects of science, of business, of general information, and the higher interests of the day, had evidently no part in the young man's thought; and the inquiries he made relative to his former pursuits, only resulted in the mortifying conviction, that they had been exclusively those of pleasure and of mere superficial embellishment. 'Rather an unpromising auxiliary in the line of business,' thought the Major, and his imagination ran back with a melancholy retrospect over the probable capabilities and early promise, which mistaken indulgence and idle privilege, had so heavily obscured.

'I trust, my dear Verni,' said Major Worthington, as he ushered him the morning after their arrival at the capital, into his office. 'I trust I shall find you a ready penman. These endless transcripts are to be disposed of only by the dexterity of a practiced hand, or by indefatigable industry, and I would be sorry to subject you to too irksome a confinement. Your fellow clerk,' he added, as a plainly dressed and rather awkward-looking youth, somewhat younger than Verni, who sat deeply engaged in copying, now for the first time looked up. An expression of momentary contempt, giving place to that of conscious condescension, passed over the brow of Everill, as he bent his head slightly but gracefully to the formal bow of the stripling. 'Before you begin those transcripts,' continued the Major, handing him a statement of financial data, 'oblige me by making out a little calculation. You will see—a flush of shame deepened the polished cheek of the novice, as he threw a deprecating glance over the paper.

'I fear, sir, indeed, I—I—have never attended particularly to figures.'

'Humph!—you will do it then, if you please, James,' and giving Everill some further directions, the disconcerted functionary sat down to his own labors.

'Have you finished that copy?' he sometime after inquired of the youth, who bent over his work with a still flushed and confused brow: 'why, Verni, this will never do—it is a perfect scrawl—the orthography too, one, two, three, worse and worse, it is all a jargon. Why, look at this,' he continued, snatching the sheet from the industrious James, 'not an error—not a blot—not an indistinct letter. But I forget,' he added, in a tone of kindness, 'that you have not been educated at the desk.—Practice will soon make your tasks less difficult, but at present only the utmost care and attention can enable you to do them justice. Meanwhile, my dear Verni, I do not wish your whole time should be devoted to the business of the office. I am anxious you should acquire that general knowledge, which can alone fit you for extensive usefulness. I will immediately furnish you with some elementary books, and by rising early, you will have an hour for study before I call you to the labors of the desk.' 'I am glad to find him susceptible of mortification at any rate,' thought the Major, as he now turned from the embarrassed and silent Everill—'if he have any dormant faculties, pride will now

give them impulse.' But Major Worthington was not altogether aware of the resistless power that habit exercises over human purpose. His young dependent was indeed humbled, deeply—painfully—and many a burning thought passed over his brain ere he finally sunk to repose with the tranquilizing resolve, that the morrow should be devoted to intense exertion and assiduous industry. The morrow's sun glared brightly through his curtains ere he woke to its fulfillment, and an immediate summons to breakfast, told him that the hour permitted him for study was added to the many that had passed, and 'left no trace.'

'Have you copied all that this morning?' he inquired of his fellow writer, as, with a cheek again painfully deepened, he set down to his own appointed task.

'Why not, pray? I could scarcely have done less.'

Everill mended his pen; the consciousness of being so early distanced, impeded his efforts—his first essay was a blunder—he flung it aside and commenced anew—again and again his pen was reduced to a stump and flung away for another—all would not do. Blots, erasures, interlineations succeeded each other in increasing obscurity. The perspiration stood upon his fair brow. He threw up the window—a keen gust of wind lifted his papers from the table, and scattered them over the floor—'What a chilly day,' he exclaimed as he picked them up—'my fingers are really too numb to write.'

'How came that window open?' inquired the unconscious James, now quietly rising to shut it. 'I do not wonder you are chilled,' and again he was wholly absorbed in his employment.

'You possess a very enviable temperament,' thought Everill, as he surveyed his coarse, serene features. Day after day thus wore away, and still new obstacles arose to impede his advancement. Carelessly as he had turned from the founts of useful knowledge, he had been far from neglecting those attainments that were calculated to give him an early introduction upon the gay theatre of youthful amusement. He sung and played upon various instruments with unparalleled sweetness.—His dancing was like the wreathings of the floating vapor; and in reading the lighter works of fancy, the rich intonations of his melting voice, gave them a charm and a pathos not their own. From these, too, he gathered many a thought of light and beauty, and in the whirl of pleasure or the occasional excitement of awakened sentiment, he flung them around him like dew drops shaken off in the golden sunlight. With powers like these, Verni Everill was not to remain unnoticed by those whose only pursuit w^s the annihilation of time; the voice of flattery and the calls of pleasure were now perpetually luring him from the sober round of his prescribed duties, and week after week, and month after month, afforded to his disappointed patron, only fresh proofs of his confirmed weakness, and irreclaimable obliquity. It was in vain that Major Worthington, still cherishing in the son of Howard Everill an interest that nothing could efface, repeatedly and affectionately remonstrated, and that Verni himself again and again resolved. He was inthrall^d in a net-work, impalpable indeed to his own perception, but resisting all his efforts to break from its binding filaments.

'It will not do,' thought the Major, as, harassed with an unwonted press of business, he one day entered the office, where confusion and disorder

were the only traces of the absented Everill. 'It will not do—I must commence a new page with this boy, and if—a letter just handed him broke off the thought.—'For God's sake, what is the meaning of all this?' starting as he ran over its contents, as if a serpent had coiled round his heart. He examined the date, and again he ran it hurriedly over.

'No, there is no possibility of mistake; it is even so,' and he now paced the floor in extreme and painful agitation. To the writer of this letter, he had himself a short time previous dispatched by Verni Everill, as an express, a note inclosing a considerable sum of money, and involving business that admitted of no delay. The letter he now held had disclosed the astounding fact, that this note had never been received, and the youth in whom, despite of all his errors, he had placed an unreserved trust—whom he had indeed cherished with an almost parental fondness, was precipitated at once and forever into the fearful abyss of guilt and shame! 'It is all over now,' said the grieved and injured Worthington—'however I may have shut my eyes to the aberrations of folly, I may not afford encouragement to crime, nor give to *one* thus utterly debased, a longer place in my household.' The following morning Verni Everill was summoned to his room. 'Did you not tell me the pacquet lately entrusted to your conveyance, was safely delivered?' 'Well sir'—but the flashing eye of the culprit quailed, and there was a perceptible tremor in his usually clear tones. 'No, Verni, it is not well—read this,' handing him the letter of the preceding day, 'and see for how short a space falsehood has availed you. Yet I called you not to reproach—that were indeed idle—but to tell you, we must now separate. In justice to myself, to the world, to the cause of that virtue you have outraged, all further intercourse between us—all further efforts on my part to advance your interests, are forever at an end. But, Verni Everill, even now I cannot cast you from me wholly, as the thing you are: For the sake of *him* from whom you inherit a stainless name, your dreadful secret shall be guarded as closely as if my own soul's honor were forever forfeit by its disclosure. Go—return to your father with a fame as yet unblighted as his own. Bear him this letter: it assigns your little acquaintance with business as the only reason for declining your further services. What though he think but lightly of the friendship that can thus easily dispense with its proffered trust!—Be it so—better, far better he should renounce every other tie, than that the ligaments binding his child to his heart should be severed. Once more, go—and Oh, Verni, as you bear hence no stain upon your name that may meet the eye of the world, let me adjure you to preserve it from the blight of *future* crime; there is nothing as yet that need darken the prospects of your path; nothing of forfeited honor or dark suspicion to surmount in your future exertions. Even from my own memory, unless it be recalled by further shame, this dreadful scene—for upon the fixed features and moveless attitude of the wretched youth there was a fearful expression of agony—'shall be forever effaced; or at least only remembered as a dream of horror.' Overcome with his own emotions, Major Worthington abruptly left the room, and a moment after, Verni Everill rushed wildly from the house.

'And what can have become of the poor misguided boy?' thought Major Worthington, as a few weeks after a letter from his friend, expressing many a fond hope for the child, whom he yet

believed under his protecting care, indirectly but conclusively informed him that instead of returning home to the parental roof, he had thrown himself upon the world's wide paths, without guide or support. 'I cannot answer this letter,' he continued, 'till I have traced him out.' But all inquiry was wholly unavailing. No trace of the fugitive, beyond a journey, marked with indications of apparent frenzy, to the nearest town, could be discovered; and the unfortunate Everill had at length to learn a part of those circumstances from which, however delicately veiled, a mind like his, keenly alive to the slightest moral obligation, and with every sense quickened by paternal love to a gift of fearful perception, must necessarily draw inferences, if not of crime, at least of ingratitudo, of folly, and of dishonor. It is happy perhaps for man, that the wave of life is forever hurrying him on—on, with a stormy impetus, requiring the exertion of the soul's utmost strength without pausing over the blighted hopes and mournful wrecks, the past has scattered around him. The deep regret which these events left upon the heart of Major Worthington, was gradually merged in new and more immediate interests. The war of the revolution, then drawing to a close, had blocked up many of the avenues of his former prosperity; while those ceaseless but quietly-progressing *revolutions* connected with the laws of the universe, and involving all things of time, had gradually undermined the remaining fabric of his fortunes. New interests had at last grown up between him and his well earned honors, and the official trusts, which he had supported with unblemished fame, passed, still without a stain of obloquy, to other and perhaps less worthy aspirants. For all this, however, he found an equivalent in the sudden freedom, which an exemption from public cares at length afforded him of indulging the long stifled yearnings of a rich and benevolent nature. The sweet waters of domestic affection had been to him as sealed fountains, and it was only at times, when in the solemn calm which the deep midnight, with her burning stars and her hush of holiness, sheds upon the hearts of men, he stood by a marble slab, dimly attesting ties long since dissolved, that he seemed even to remember 'such things were.' But there were those yet living, who had strong claims upon his kindness, and to them his feelings now instinctively turned. They were the two orphan children of a deceased sister; and having been consigned to the care of other relatives, they had hitherto scarcely occupied a place in his memory. 'But I will immediately seek them out,' he now said—'they shall give a new interest to my little household, and I will transfer to them with interest the love I once bore their sainted mother.' His purpose was soon effected, and the vivid hues it had received from the warmth of his own heart, were at once deepened by his personal knowledge of his young and interesting relations.

Avoline Brentford was a slight delicate girl of seventeen, possessing in a high degree that pensive beauty so indicative of elevation of mind and saintly purity of character. Something perhaps of visionary thought—of earthward dreaming, and the cherished imaginings of the deep, fond heart, might have been traced in the misty tenderness of her dark, melancholy eyes. Avoline's young life had passed in that loneliness of spirit, which gathers all its tides into one only current, giving it a depth and a coloring of shadowy power, unknown to the joyous and diverging fountains of sought and ming-

ling affections. Avoline had been reared among relatives, not friends; a family of daughters whose slender claims to admiration were little advanced by the surpassing loveliness of the ward, barred her from that tenderness which her gentle virtues must otherwise have awakened; and the young orphan whose heart, like the vines of spring, hourly put forth its delicate tendrils for support, still passed unheeded on, the only being amid a gay and numerous household admitted to no share in its sympathies—no part in its domestic councils or its tenderer interests. Such was the charge whom Major Worthington had taken to his home and his heart, and its was with a delight to which he had long been a stranger, that he now watched the soft kindlings of cheerful thought which kindness poured over her pensive features. Her brother, a noble boy of some twelve years, was a far different being, but an object of scarcely less interest. He had an untamed spirit of gladness, crossing with brightness like a leaping torrent, the paths of all around him; and the cultivation of his mind, rich as it was in native gifts, but perpetually flying off upon some wild direction, afforded the Major an abundant source of alternate pleasure and vexation.

'Here sir,' said Edward one day, 'is the answer to the problem you gave me last evening. Am I not a better scholar than you thought me?'

'You certainly are, my dear boy, though this is not the first time you have surprised me agreeably.'

'Ah, dear uncle, if your praise did not sit on me like a stolen coat'—

'Why Edward,' said Major Worthington, as he met the meaning glance of the laughing eye that was lifted askance to his, 'is it not your own work? And to whose better scholarship are you then indebted?' 'To your lame carter, sir; you know he is ugly enough for a first rate scholar. Almost an *Aesop* of a fellow, save that his back is as little warped as his heart; and a whole heart he has too, I assure you. He has helped me out of more than one scrape, and to tell the truth, had no small part in writing those exercises, for which I was so applauded, that my modesty was well nigh over-powered.'

'What, Herbert Allen!—Ah, poor fellow! I thought he had seen better days. Edward, those scars which give him so repulsive an aspect, were got in the defence of our so lately freed country, and they should be even more honorable to him than the cheaper attainments of science.' But the interest which the lame carter had already awakened in the breast of Major Worthington—not merely by the fearful vestiges he bore of his country's struggles—but his quiet industry—his habitual silence, and an obvious observance of the interests of his employer—was now certainly strengthened and he sought the earliest opportunity of speaking to him alone.

'I have found you,' he said, 'too faithful a laborer to resign your services without some selfish scruples, but let me ask you Allen, why you do not seek an employment better fitting your higher capacities?' A melancholy smile, to which a large scar on his cheek gave a kind of ghastly distortion, passed over the countenance of the disfigured soldier.

'Ah, sir, if I have secured your esteem, have I not taken one step towards future advancement?'

'If my powers were commensurate with my will, most certainly; but my season for patronizing even merit, is gone by. If my recommendation, however, can avail you aught, be assured, Herbert'—

'I am perfectly content,' interrupted the soldier, 'with my present service; and if, my dear sir, I may hope for your friendship as a perquisite, I would by no means exchange it for the cold patronage of place and power.'

'I have never till now regretted place and power,' thought Major Worthington, as his eye followed the difficult steps of the maimed carter, now resuming his labors—but if they were yet mine, you should soon be differently employed. Still your interests shall not be forgotten, and opportunity may yet offer to promote them.'

But the philanthropic Worthington had not yet drained his own cup of adversity. His health had been for some time declining, and a lingering but painful disease soon after confined him to his room. A crowd of unsettled business, deferred from time to time in consequence of his long failing strength, now pressed upon his mind, troubling even his partial intervals of repose with a sense of probable loss and unacquitted responsibilities.

'Is there aught I can do for your relief, sir?' inquired a respectful voice at the door of his apartment.

'Ah, my kind fellow, I am glad to see you—you can indeed relieve, for you shall assist me in looking over my books and loose papers while I have yet strength to take some part in arranging them,' and at once and with perfect confidence he submitted to Herbert Allen, the labors of that business which had so deeply harassed him. The ready perception with which his instructions were now listened to, and the accuracy and dispatch with which they were executed, confirmed this confidence. He felt indeed relieved of a most oppressive weight, and gradually, as he still grew more and more feeble, till all other cares were at last forgotten in the inflictions of disease, the whole guidance of his somewhat complicated affairs, devolved upon the soldier. Yet still amid the continued calls, to which this care subjected him, was Herbert Allen almost perpetually in the chamber of the invalid—a sharer of the untired attention and ceaseless watchings of the devoted Avoline.—The cares of both had their reward. Major Worthington at length arose from the worn couch of pain, and with the gladness of returning health, again went forth over his fields, for he had left the city for the more pleasant sphere of agricultural pursuits; and through the various concerns of his household, nothing of the disorder he anticipated was visible. There had been a watchful eye upon all the wheels of his wonted economy, and while he yet remembered Herbert Allen as a pervading presence in his own weary chamber, he found the evidences of his directing hand in every department of his interests.

'What do I not owe you?' said the grateful Worthington—'You have now indeed deprived me of the power to consider your individual prospects, for I can no longer part with you from under my own roof.'

'I can have no inducement,' said Herbert Allen, 'sufficiently strong to call me from your service, while I am really necessary to you, but duties have recently arisen, my dear sir, that with the perfect re-establishment of your health, will call me far hence. You are aware that a new arena of action has been opened beyond our own frontier forests. A few strong spirits—men influenced by the hope of securing a heritage for a rising family, have pierced the remote wilderness, and raised their domestic altars amid depths, where it is said that

death is lurking in his most fearful shapes. Shall they be left to perish while there are yet strong arms and firm hearts to which no domestic ties give other impulse? The appeal that comes from these shades, is not perhaps directed to those, around whose feet the blossoms of love, and hope, and happiness, are springing; but to such as *I am*, it comes with a power that may not be resisted.—Nor is it alone directed to our sympathies. It is a stirring call to a rich field of stormy but ennobling adventure. It offers us a home in the midst of a magnificent creation, or to confer value upon an otherwise valueless life by rendering it an acceptable offering upon a proud and glorious altar.'

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

From the Inkhorn of Ignatius Langworthy, L. L. D.

Having but lately arrived in this city, the fame of which reached my ears on the eastern continent, and to whose salubrious atmosphere I have come for the resuscitation of my pristine health, where also dwelleth my esteemed and ancient friend *Wilhelmus Silverquill*, the most popular writer and sarcastic wit of the age, excepting, of course, myself and our friend and colleague, *Samuel Cynic*: having, I say, but lately arrived in this city, it may be deemed somewhat impertinent, impolite and snarlish that I should be thus early venting my complaints in the ears of this respectable public—Impertinent and snarlish as it may appear, my grievances are intolerable and must be divulged to insure their redress. I will cry aloud and spare not, until this city be purified from a mixture of unwholesome leaven which has crept into its body politic and social, causing the whole mass to putrefy, and burthening the air with its disagreeable odors.

It appears then, Mr. Editor, that the arrival of my friend *Cynic* and myself in the city of Hudson has produced a commotion unequaled by the breaking of a bank, the misfortune of the *Huron*, or the capture of divers sperm oil whales by that gallant ship, the *America*. Rumor after rumor has floated over the social horizon, and rumor after rumor has passed away, built on air, as to who and what were those two old gentlemen, who on a bright sunny morning some few weeks since, stopped in a stage coach before the antiquated residence of *Wilhelmus Silverquill*. 'Why should they come to the city of Hudson? What was their business here, or had they no business?' Who could solve these momentous queries? Sir, I have no objection to a little curiosity in the female biped, ycleped woman, nor is it altogether obnoxious to the vanity of a *Langworthy* that his mere personal appearance should arouse conversation and conjecture; but, when curiosity goes so far as, in the absence of facts, to furnish for its prurient longings, gross fabrications, and unfounded slanders, it should be deprecated by every sensible man and every honest citizen. Weep then, ye Heavens, and blush, oh civilized society, when I record the fact, that several inhabitants of this municipality, who, among other taxes, pay for the support of paupers, began to fear that the strangers were vagrants, and would by and by be numbered among the flock of harpies who fatten upon their round and well filled purses. What was to be done? Something must

be done, and that quickly. Something was done, and on the eve of the — inst., a *town meeting* was called to take into consideration such measures as might be deemed necessary to avert the impending evil. Perfectly disguised, Silverquill, Cynic and myself sallied forth to witness the consummation of these strange proceedings. We found the Court House thronged with ladies and gentlemen, and with much difficulty, pushed our way into the crowded building. After we had waited about half an hour, a procession entered composed of several young men, who marched with great solemnity, into the circus, or area, or bar, and then deposited their carcasses on sundry large and convenient arm chairs. At length, one of them arose to address the multitude. With a single bound he was in the middle of the area, and throwing both arms aloft to Heaven, gave a wild, indistinct shriek that made the very rafters tremble. All that I could hear, was 'the people's money, the people's money!—Our fathers bled, our fathers bled!—Dumb horror sat on every countenance, and every knee quaked with undissembled terror. In a moment, recovering from what appeared to be a temporary exhaustion, the speaker vociferated at the summit of his voice, '*In ancient Rome stranger and barbarian were synonymous.*' Here commenced such a thunder of applause, such a clapping of hands and stamping of feet, such a waving of kerchiefs, that my every joint trembled, and I was forced to hold on by Silverquill's collar to prevent my falling to the floor. The speaker's hair was brushed erect, as if to enlarge a low, narrow, tanned strip of forehead, his eyes rolled with frenzy, and his youthful countenance, for he appeared not more than fifteen years of age, was livid with excitement. 'Who is the child, and what's the matter with him,' said a gentleman next to Silverquill. 'Ah, do you not know,' replied my friend, 'that's what is called a law student, and this is the manner in which, at town meetings and popular assemblies, they are initiated in the favorite and useful art of declamation by the skillful exercises of which men rise to the highest offices in this Republic. See with what attention the young ladies are viewing him—but stop! another rises: About seven years since he commenced his career in the same way, and now he has climbed Fame's highest mount, and looks with great complacency from his lofty elevation, upon the multitude of mortals pignified by the distance, who are essaying to follow in his illuminated path. That, sir, is Timothy Doolittle, Esq. of Doolittleville, somewhere in one of the Gallic provinces, a man of portly dimensions and comprehensive maw. If you have never heard an orator, yonder is one, by whom Brougham and Webster would dwindle into moths, and to whom Demosthenes can no more be compared than the spark of a flint to a blazing comet. Hear him! he speaks!' With a deliberate movement, a very majestic figure now occupied the place vacated by the youth of the bristled locks. His long and ponderous arms swung like the wings of a windmill. His enunciation was clear and heavy, his ideas had the stamp of an original mind, and his figures bore a fresh and beautiful impression, like genuine emissions from the rich mint of fancy. But his reasoning, oh, ye 30,000 gods of Rome! It was a perpetual graceful circle, reminding me of a quadruped's evolutions about a bark mill, and bringing strongly to my recollection the old and much admired words of 'Jim Crow,' as sung by my esteemed friend, Mr. Rice:

'I went down to river,
Could'n git across,
I pay hab a dollar,
For de ole bruck boss.'

'Wheel about, wheel about, wheel about so,
And every time I wheel about, jump Jim Crow.'

Mr. Editor, you will perhaps be glad to hear that after all this, we are not banished the city, but still eat, drink, smoke, read and talk with our friend Silverquill. The settled equilibrium of our spirits cannot be disturbed by the burrowing of insignificant slanderers. Put in order to save time and unnecessary trouble to the persons who feel so deeply interested in the welfare of strangers, we make this fair proposal, that from our own private purse we will pay the expenses of their town meeting in room, fire and lights, and that we will stand one hour during each day for a week to come, in the parlor of Boutwell's City Hotel, where all who feel anxious to harass our quiet by asking impertinent questions, may have an opportunity of hearing our origin, history and designs, provided the rest of the day we be permitted to pursue our few avocations and enjoy our leisure undisturbed, until we bid adieu to this famous metropolis.

The Editor's and the public's most humble servant,

IGNATIUS LANGWORTHY.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of his mother excites universal commiseration, and affection from every bosom. We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life; and our prayers and our hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his, on the grave of her, whose heart has ceased to beat; for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth!—His father would, but cannot, supply her loss. In vain the whole circle of his friendships blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth: a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known, and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as her's—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant!—Never shall he find again in this wide wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced from his mother!—The whole world are moved with compassion for that motherless child, but the whole world cannot supply her place to him.—*Beauties of Collyer.*

CHILDHOOD.

There is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a sort of sanctity that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feelings, with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this breathing world.—One trembles lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat to their own hearts—'Of such is the kingdom of heaven!—Aye, which of us, of the wisest amongst us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child?—Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own character?

How to cheat the Moon.—Some farmers are very careful to sow their gardens and spring crops at a proper time of the moon, and thus frequently anticipate, or pass over the best season of the year. By attending to the following directions, they will escape all the inconvenience arising from the influence of the moon :

Select some fair day, as near the usual time of sowing as possible—arise very early in the morning, and sow your seed boldly. Cover all up carefully before night, making the land appear smooth and even. When the moon comes on the next evening, she will not be able to determine whether the field has been sown or not, and will therefore bestow no influence upon it, either bad or good.

It is important that the land be thoroughly dried, so that it can be made to appear natural.

Whenever wheat turns to chess, it is done by the influence of the moon. By attending to the above directions, and sowing clean seed, that evil may also be avoided.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Anecdote.—One morning I awoke and found myself unwell. I called our Irish servant for to make a fire in my chamber—as I intended to remain there the day. He took the tongs and went down after fire. As he was gone unusually long, and being tired of waiting for him, I opened the door to call to him, when I was nearly suffocated with a dense cloud of smoke. Looking over the bannisters, I saw the paddy at the foot of the stairs, holding at arm's length from him the tongs with a large fire-brand, smoking bountifully. ‘Why, Jerry,’ said I, what the devil are you standing there for, filling the house with smoke, and choking to death?’ He, half-choked, answered,—‘Sure, an’ ye don’t want the smoke in your room, your honor, and I was waiting here indeed for the smoke to get off ‘fore I carried up the fire.’

Fee-Mail Influence.—One day a bouncing country lass stepped into a Post-office in a neighboring town, and inquired if there was a letter for her. The Post-master overhauled his stock, and produced one bearing her name, and told her it was ten cents. ‘Ten cents,’ said she, ‘why I got a good deal bigger one ‘other day for four pence; can’t you take less?’ ‘O, no ma’am,’ said the man of letters, ‘that’s Uncle Sam’s price, and we cannot vary from it in the least.’ ‘Well, where is your Uncle?’ said the other; ‘I wish you’d be good enough to call him. I don’t believe but what he’d take three cents for such a leetle mite as that are is!’—*Dedham Advocate.*

Fashion’s Sake.—Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who had stole a watch, directed the jury to bring it in value ten pence.—‘Ten pence, my lord,’ said the prosecutor, ‘why the very fashion of it cost more than fifty shillings.’ ‘Perhaps so,’ replied his lordship, ‘but we are not to hang a man for fashion’s sake.’

A lawyer being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen: being asked the reason for so doing; ‘From such,’ said he, ‘I had it, and to such I give it again.’

Anecdote.—A short time ago, two colored gentlemen who were a penny-wise and a pound-foolish, having met together, after conversing very friendly on the topics of the day, their attention was at length drawn to the state of affairs at the South, in

relation to the Tariff, when, both being quite warm on the subject, the one in endeavoring to illustrate his argument more fully, drew a comparison thus: ‘Spose,’ said he, ‘I hab a ship;’ his opponent very sternly replied, ‘Why you hab no ship?’ ‘But ‘spose I hab a ship?’ ‘But you hab no ship.’ ‘But ‘spose I hab one,’ rejoined the other. ‘Why, how the debbil I ‘spose you hab a ship, when you hab none, you nigger?’ It is needless, perhaps, to mention that in consequence of a comparison of this description being made, that the two gentlemen who had been conversing so friendly a few minutes before, stript off their jackets and the whole affair on the Tariff ended in a *fight!*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1833.

The New-Yorker.—We have just receivd the first number of a weekly paper bearing the above title. It is to be published every Saturday in the city of New-York, by Henry G. Daggers & Co. and edited by Wm. T. Porter; and to be devoted to News, Literature, Sporting and Fashionable Intelligence, the Talk about Town, Foreign and Domestic Affairs of interest, Dramatic Notices, Stories, Scenes of Real Life, Items, &c. &c. Terms—\$3 per annum, if paid in advance, or \$4 if payment is withheld on the presentation of Bills.

The Amaranth.—This seems to be a favorite name among editors. The ‘Amaranth’ of East Bridgewater, Mass. is an old acquaintance, and has heretofore been presented to the notice of our readers; but we have now before us a new periodical, published at Forestville, Chautauque County, N. Y. by Wm. H. Cutler, with the same title, and very much resembling in size and appearance our old friend. As far as we can judge from the perusal of a single number, it promises fair to win an honorable standing among its contemporaries in the arena of literature. We wish to the publishers of the two Amaranths success commensurate with the merits of their respective papers, and may an extensive patronage render them as imperishable as the flow’r by the name of which they have chosen to designate them.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office from Agents and others, ending April 17th.

E. Chapin, Nelson, N. Y. \$1; S. H. Norton, Lewville, N. Y. \$1. C. Hong, Buscleton, Penn. \$3; A. Rogers, Andover, Ct. \$1; Wilbor & Day, West Stockbridge, Mass. \$1; L. C. Barber, Coxsackie, \$1.

SUMMARY.

Notarial Protests.—At a late session term, the Supreme Court decided that under the Revised Laws of this State, the legal fee for protesting a note or draft, is 50 cents, and not \$1.00, as has been usually charged.

Amos Miner was tried at Providence last week, on a charge of murder, committed on the person of John Smith, and found guilty. He is a native of Stonington, Conn.—has a wife and nine children— is 47 years old.

Temperance.—The licensing authorities in Plymouth County, Mass. have determined not to license any taverner or retailer to sell ardent spirits, in the whole county.—*Advocate.*

At Norfolk, Va. 25th of March the peach trees were in blossom.—On the same day, there was a snow storm, which lasted till midnight.

Free Trade and Low Prices.—Fifteen hundred chests of Bohea Tea, just imported, were sold on Thursday by auction, at two and three quarter cents a pound. The duty, until recently, was twelve cents a pound. We shall soon have all the tea tables on our side in political economy.—*New-Yorker.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. David Johnson, to Miss Hannah Bates.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst. Sarah, daughter of Capt. William Bullis.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth McKinstry, widow of the late Col. John McKinstry, of the Revolutionary Army, in the 60th year of her age.

At Columbusville, on the 10th inst. Mrs. Hannah Murph, in the 29th year of her age.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BETROTHAL.

It was a solemn place—a deep ravine,
Through which the wintry tide no longer rushed ;
Whose sides precipitous tall forest trees
Were climbing, shutting out with their green tops
The view of worldly things. The very light
Was struggling for its life amid the gloom,
For as it passed among the darkened trunks,
It stole a hue of blackness. Not a bird
Was there to cheer the wanderer with his song ;
And yet there lacked not music, for the leaf
Withered and falling stirred the air with melody.
It was the dwelling-place of Solitude—
Her favorite residence, accessible
To those alone who prize her solemn joys.
It seemed irreverent to break the spell
Of stillness ;—but intruders came.—

Man does not oft retire to such a spot ;
There is too much of sin and worldly care
Within his heart, for him to love the place
Where he must think !—Where he must meditate
Upon the works of God, and hold
Communion with himself ; yet such a place
Seemed fit for all the great solemnities
Of earth, and they who now approached had come
With solemn hearts, yet cheerful. On a trunk,
Moss-cushioned, they sat down to rest awhile.
There was no mortal witness—all the world
Was hid,—and what was all the world beside
To them, whose earthly treasure all was there.
But as the reverent trees inclined their heads,
The sunlit dome of heaven was visible,
Telling the wanderers, 'God is here.'—

A moment's silence—then the forest heard
The vows of youthful love and every leaf
Bent down to listen. 'I shall go,' thus spake
The ardent youth, 'to distant lands, away
From thee, sweet maiden, and the smiling eyes
And music tones of others will be there
To win me to their love—But I will not
Forget thee. Here I swear to live for thee—
Thy form shall be before me and thy name
Remembered in my orisons ; and next
To the sweet recollection of this hour,
My thoughts shall dwell upon the period
When we shall meet again. Here let us call
On God to witness this our mutual pledge
Of love and constancy.' The maiden raised
Her head bowed down by native modesty—
There was no need of words—
The silent answer of a tear betrayed
The secrets of the soul—The confidence
Of true affection asked no more. There is
No need of forms established to unite
Two hearts forever. The echoed vow,
The holy man, the altar, and the ring,
Are things of nought without those sympathies
Which nothing can create but holy love,
And which would be perpetual, without
These forms.—

They joined their hearts in prayer
To God their common Father, that his love
Might rest upon them and that they might love
Him more than dearest earthly friend,—then left
The forest to its silence.—

Can vows like these be broken, or that scene
Forgot ? It sheds its radiance like a star
Upon the gloom of absence, and dispels
All fears of faithlessness,—
And will not God in mercy hear those vows
And add his blessing to the sacred joys
Of youthful love ?—

For the Rural Repository.

TO A TEAR.

Emblem bright of pure affection
Trembling on the cheek of love,
Like a spirit pure and perfect
Sent from realms of bliss above—
From what hidden source of feeling
Spring'st thou like a jewel'd star
When with joy the heart is swelling,
Or wild woes our pleasures mar.

OSMA"

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY E. R. Y. OF PROVIDENCE.

I saw a mother ! in her arms
Her infant child was sleeping ;
The mother, while the infant slept,
Her guardian watch was keeping.
Around its little tender form
Her snow-white arm was flung ;
And o'er its little infant head
Her bending tresses hung.
'Sleep sweetly on, my darling babe,
My own, my only child ;'
And as she spoke the infant woke,
And on its mother smil'd.
But, ah ! no fondly answering smile
The mother's visage graced,
For she was blind, and could not see
The infant she embraced.
But now he lisp'd his mother's name,
And now the mother press'd
Her darling, much-lov'd baby boy,
Unto her widow'd breast.
But sudden anguish seiz'd her mind,
Her voice was sweetly wild,
'My God,' she cried, 'but grant me sight,
One hour ! to see my child !'
'To look upon its cherub face,
And see its father's there ;
But pardon, if the wish be wrong,
A widow'd mother's prayer !'
And as she spoke, her anguish grew
Still louder and more wild ;
And closer to her aching breast,
She clasp'd her orphan child.

ENIGMAS.

*Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.*PUZZLE I.—Because it is in the middle of water.
PUZZLE II.—Because it is the capital of England.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What word is that, which signifies to join, which by transposing one letter, will read untie ?

II.

My first is every thing ; my second more than every thing ; and my whole is not quite as much ?

WANTED,

At this Office, a smart, active lad, from 12 to 14 years of age.

HORSE BILLS,

On a new and elegant Cut, neatly executed at this Office, on the most reasonable terms.

Rural Repository,

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS, shall receive Six Copies. The volume will be embellished with Copperplate Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year. *All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.*